

CHAPTER V

A BARREN SHORE

THE castaways had reached land at last!

Not one of them had succumbed to the fatigue and privations of their fortnight's voyage under such distressing and dangerous conditions, and for that thanks were due to God. Only Captain Gould was suffering terribly from fever. But in spite of his exhaustion, his life did not appear to be in danger, and a few days' rest might set him up again,

The question rose, what was this land, on which they had disembarked ?

Whatever it was, it unhappily was not New Switzerland, where, but for the mutiny of Robert Borupt and his crew, the *Flag* would have arrived within the expected time. What had this unknown shore to offer instead of the comfort and prosperity of Rock Castle ?

But this was not the moment to waste time over such questions. The night was so dark that nothing could be seen except a strand backed by a lofty cliff, at its sides bastions of

rock. It
was settled that all should remain in
the boat